I ſend thee *Warwicke* ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall reuenge his death before I ſtirre.
*War.* Poore *Clifford* how I ſcorne thy worthleſſe threats.
*Yor.* Will ye we ſhewe our title to the Crowne,
Or els our ſwordes ſhall plead it in the field?
*King.* What title haſt thou traitour to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art, Duke of *Yorke*,
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer* Earle of *March*.
I am the ſonne of Henrie the fift, who tamde the *French*,
And made the Dolphin ſtoupe, and ſeazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
*War.* Talke not of *Fraunce* ſince thou haſt loſt it all.
*King.* The Lord protectour loſt it and not I,
When I was crownd, I was but nine months olde,
*Rich.* You are old enough now & yet me thinkes you loſe,
Father teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers head.
*Edw.* Do ſo ſweet father, ſet it on your head.
*Mont.* Good brother, as thou lou'ſt and honourſt armes,
Lets fight it out and not ſtand cauilling thus.
*Rich.* Sound drums and trumpets, & the King will flie.
*Yor.* Peace ſonnes.
*Nor.* Peace thou, and giue King *Henrie* leaue to ſpeake.
*King.* Ah *Plantagenet*, why ſeekeſt thou to depoſe me?
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth,
And from two brothers lineally diſcent?
Suppoſe by right and equitie thou be King,
Thinkſt thou that I will leaue my Kingly ſeate
Wherin my father and my grandſire ſate?
No, firſt ſhall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I, and our colours often borne in *Fraunce*,
And now in *England* to our heartes great ſorrow
Shall be my winding ſheete: why faint you Lords?
My title's better farre then his.
*War.* Proue it *Henrie*, and thou ſhalt be King.
*King.* Why, *Henrie* the fourth by conqueſt got the crowne
*Yor.* Twas by rebellion gainſt his Soueraigne.
*King.* I know not what to ſay, my title's weake.
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?





*War.* What then?
*King.* Then am I
The ſecond, in the vi
Reſignde the Crown
Whoſe heire my fath
*Yor.* I tell thee he
And made him to re
*VVar.* Suppoſe
Thinke you that we
*Exet.* No, for he c
But that the next he
*King.* Art thou a
*Exet.* His is the
*King.* All will re
*Nor. Plantagenet*
Thinke not king *H*
*VVar.* Depoſde
*Nor.* Tuſh *War*
Southerne powers
That makes thee th
Can ſet the Duke v
*Clif* King *Henri*
Lord *Clifford* vowe
May that ground g
Where I do kneele
*King.* O *Clifford*,
*Yor. Henrie* of *L*
What mutter you,
*War.* Do right
Or I will fill the hou

And ouer the Chai
Write vp his title w
*King.* O *Warwic*
Let me but raigne
*Yor.* Confirme t
And thou ſhalt raig
*King.* Conuaie